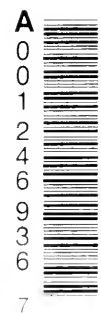


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# PON-PONS

*by F. P. SAVINIEN*





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# **BONBONS**

(astral)

BY

FRANCIS P. SAVINIEN

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS



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## SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

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The best short poems in many a decade.—*Times*.

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BONBONS adds a new fragrance and a new colour to poesy.—*Spectator*.

Some of these short poems will rank with the best in the language.—*Truth*.



# BONBONS.

## THE FLAG OF DISASTER.

Life (the smile Death shed,

Tickled by a whim

When the world was happy, dead,

The spirit, dim)

Doth a throng of deities

And vague fancies seem,

Fashioning three phantasies,

Vapors of a dream.

Love, the first, of old,

Formed of air and light.

(Air whose breath is cold,

Light whose soul is night).

Peace within its abyss mars

With a glimmer fair,

Trying to brighten up the stars

Whose last hope looks down on despair.

Next Hope (upon a bed of fire)

Paints the air

While, as the lusts of flame expire,

Her brush becomes a cloud and sorrows there,

Glutting the fire with tears, of olden prest

Within the cloud when, drunk with doubt,

The wind stabbed through its sombre breast

And a flag of flame flashed out.

And Truth, whose mask is her true face,

Of herself herself doth flay

For blood flows with every trace

Of mystery torn away

And, in the van of Hope and Love,

The rags unfurled

With brazen vagueness prove

Truth falsehood, proper spirit of the world.

## HUMANITY.

"Save me, for God's sake, save!" This is the cry,  
The thrilling cry, of all humanity,

But he who hearkens falls  
And o'er his hopes, o'er all he worshipped by,  
The reeking mass of sore humanity,  
One solid reptile, crawls.

## FREEDOM.

When Nature, on the threshold of a dream,  
    Awed with delight,  
Paused, the while the crescent's classic beam  
    Kissed through the cheeks of night,  
Freedom came forth, death-still, from out the dream.  
But unto Nature death-still did not seem.

Then Nature (for the night was gone  
    And day had struck her blind)  
Took up the putrid little one  
    And pressed it to her mind  
When forth her thoughts, voracious hordes, did squirm  
And Freedom then was born and born a worm.

## FAITH.

Here let him lie, a corpse against his lips,  
And in his hands the crumpled flames of life,  
For he has with his tears rained an eclipse  
Of bitter death upon his passion's strife.  
Where Sorrow crops within the copse of vice  
Long has he lain nor let him cease to lay  
For he would drain the dregs of grief and price  
His soul below what Sorrow's salts dare pay.  
All men woo mystery but he won through  
And found out Truth to prove her Nemesis  
And strip her mask, pitted with scars of kisses,  
Until black ignorance as mystery shew.  
Here lies the wretch, here lies the coward Lie;  
The seeming Truth will always seem to die.

## KISMET.

His life-blood ebbs itself away  
And helps, thee, Death, to victory  
As he helps thee his hopes to slay  
And perish in eternity.  
He can not droop, he dare not raise  
His heart above the pulse of woe  
For, in the air of better days,  
It must to sorrow melt and flow.  
Say, can it be that love and hate  
Combine to bind the ways of thought  
Or open up the gulf of fate  
To happiness by evil sought?  
All Life may have, Death, it must give;  
So, take thy tribute and let live!

## AMARGOZA.

The white wolf howls across the valley

In woeful courtship of the moon,

And dewless winds forever sally

O'er Amargoza's green lagoon.

The ghosts of death forever woo in

Yon obfuscant phantom ruin

As when by fits at night's dark noon

All hell emits its savage tune.

The faint moon, sinking, cold and wan,

Through Cozo's cataract vomits blood

Whose mist the sanguine stars gleam on

And weave an arch that seems a ghastly dawn

Over Death's palace which has ever stood

The gaunt companion of the ages gone.

Here, where the shrill voiced niches of the tomb

Add grief to Panamint's everswelling flood

And the lament from Cozo's leafless wood,

Unbounded love with plenty once did bloom

Till naked Freedom with her cankered brood  
Met the most monstrous doom.

Here Liberty and Beauty were

And, when Desire would saunter in,  
The herald Fear, Remorse the harvester,  
Each draped as Shame, did play with Sin.  
Here love has entered and has broken hearts  
Which Hell could not injure more;  
Here Death's at home, but ever hence departs  
His face in Life's bright mirror to adore.

Peace to the slowly marching Death  
Who hither comes with frosted breath!  
This eve he came, but with him came  
The blizzard and the sun's fierce flame;  
Born as a sun he ends his day  
With than the moon a chiller ray;  
His dawn described a frozen air  
And clouds that Arctic blizzards bear,  
The snowclad mount, the vale



A captive to the tyrant gale;  
At noon he stood as a lone tree  
Upon the wastes of misery  
And, cold as ever dying moon,  
His shade steals slowly o'er the waste  
And, having every shape embraced,  
Will lay long prostrate soon.

Let shade that leads to hell  
Along man's spirit creep,  
Bidding with ecstasy ineffable  
His greeded visions weep;  
Let it on where it will,  
Let it on while it must,  
Let it on, though it still  
Will be downed by the dust;  
Let it forth, let it fly,  
With the wild winds of hell,  
In the jaws of the sky  
Where the thunderbolts dwell:

Let it out to the pale peak of Geiger

And, like the dim wilds in its wake,

Jump from the jaws of the tiger

Onto the fangs of the snake—

For here prevails the beauty of the tomb

And only Death, by bearing shades, can bloom

Intensely sweet as that woe-winged farewell

That rose to smiling Heaven from **hopeless hell.**

## RHAPSODY.

The moody savage makes his sad lament,  
Poor Indian, king of love, near Carson's stream  
And, rearing o'er his head his linen tent,  
Sinks all his soul in love's unholy dream.  
His soul he mixes in the flood of Sin  
And sucks with Pleasure's tube the veins of Ease  
While, filling his warm frame with Passion's kin,  
He makes his flesh a covert of disease.

Upon his brow Despair  
Has struck her iron law,  
And Tophet's ebon claw  
Has fixed its imprint there.  
  
He's an outcast on his own domain,  
A stranger in the land,  
Of field and forest, vale and plain  
Stript by the Christian's hand.  
  
Sad child of love and liberty,  
Without a friend,

Shall misery  
Still compass thee  
Since man will never mend?

Shall foreign slaves, the brood of toil,  
Pursue thee with sweet Freedom from the soil  
And greed and grime, the gifts of foreign slaves,  
Degrade thy noble soul till it is theirs?  
Shall Freedom find her palaces but graves  
Of which the serf a home for Avarice prepares?

The savage, as the sun declines  
Along the scarlet west,  
Crushed to the earth, his soul resigns  
To idol Vice's breast,  
The clayey lover who confines  
Love in eternal rest.  
Oh, hero, sad but free,  
Whose soul is but a sigh,  
That God within the sky  
But night unknown to thee,  
The white man passing by  
But pallid tyranny,  
Dying, thou givest this lie, the world, the lie  
And goest where the moon and Nature may converse with thee.

## NEMESIS.

Begot by but one fond embrace,  
The love-born son of fair Phonais  
Found all the world forbidden ground  
And death uncastigated found.

Men spurned him with as warm a fire  
As soft society's sole desire  
And every woman he would meet  
Had eyes too wanton to be sweet.

The joys that opened to his heart,  
Struck through with hate by Cupid's dart,  
Were like those chaste, surrounding seas  
Where woman's lust is ne'er at ease.

He kept Adversity so much  
That she was shrivelled at his touch,  
But Fortune came his mate to see  
And gave herself unto him free.

What hurts the nun did him no harm  
For sweetest bread results from barm :  
The gorgeous-colored butterfly  
Sips from the waste sweet alkali.

When maidens, eager for his smiles,  
Made erring moves with maidish guiles,  
He still more guilelessly would act  
And primed their errors full of tact.

Each maiden, when her hopes could see  
No sting in love but jealousy,  
Grieved not, but bound her tears with love  
And saw the wound a weapon prove.

He trusted the hyena's smile,  
Consoled the tearful crocodile  
And, cute as astute man can be,  
Publicly praised hypocrisy.

He led warm, willing Woman where  
Her beauty sleeps within her hair  
For her best charm by cruel Fate  
Is burdened with the brute's estate.

He loved naught like the brimming bowl  
Which gave such life to his sick soul  
From out the twinkling eye of love  
He with light step of youth could move.

Like Jove, warmed by paternal joy,  
He in his thighs sewed up his boy  
So Bacchus only forth could fly  
When brushed by some soft silken thigh.

But when he spoke, like gods above,  
The soft Ionic tongue of love  
Man blushed and Woman dropped her chin  
And knew that only shame is sin.

He kept his pleasures on the wing  
And flew them high so that his string  
Caught all the smiles that beauty gave  
To please a monarch or a slave.

Though virgins better pleased his whim  
He kept all women under him  
And when Hag Memory was his queen  
His fancy wove with love the scene.



## SYLPHIDAE.

About the moon the midnight fairies flit  
And while their fancies every planet twit,  
Their little laughs light up the madman's wit.

Each subtle nymph a silver circlet wears  
Empearled with tears drawn from the skies' sad airs  
By sylphs who pluck each sigh that Heaven bears.

When through the East the moon bursts into birth,  
Light as a bird that lifts itself from earth,  
What Heaven weeps adds wine unto their mirth.

As softly round her noiseless realm rolls Night  
They from each star strip twinkles that are bright  
And, sucking at the moon, get drunk with light.

They steal the angel's honey from the skies  
And when they sweep the lights from weeping eyes  
O'er weary courtier stars weird wanness lies.

They dance with death and, while, with wanton hand,  
The pallid princess wields her lustrous wand,  
Her subject-shadows joy upon the land.

When spirits step on pyramids of light  
They glide up every needle-pointed height  
And from the structures cast souls out of sight.

With Edenites they revel in sweet ease  
And, wrapping skirts of gossamer round these,  
They veil their sexless bodies to the knees.

Breathing the putrid breath of Sin, they bring  
His mists to worlds and with his silken sting  
Make sombrous Sorrow shake her shade-hued wing.

The brow of Death they wreathe with mortal gloom  
And on his desert soul roll blacker doom  
Than bondage of the dungeon of the tomb.

'Twas when they tickled Nature with their guile  
That her plump face expanded in a smile  
But now the heavens sicken all the while.

Like couriers they cleave the upper air  
And, when for clouds and hurricanes they care,  
Within the storms they build their nests and pair.

Grim orbs, though rough, they glide serenely by  
And Echo, when they light, reiterates a cry  
For, thorough maggots, they devour the sky.

## MEDUSA.

Her eyes, like stars, are briny spheres  
Which in dense gloom are bright  
And glimmer but through shades of years  
As Hell shines but at night.

Oh, grant her troubled spirit rest,  
Father of light,  
Give her the shelter of your breast  
From the wild night.

Sweet hope shall never haunt her heart  
Or e'er her love repose  
For beauties from her form depart  
And spurn a world of woes.

God, naught can make her fair to view,  
As dead flower's lips to zephyr's sighs  
But still her heart turns all to you  
As to the moon cold winter's skies.

Truly to love the only lore she knew  
Once every movement added to her charm  
But envious heaven languished at the view  
And all its minions leaped to do her harm.

Father, you see her battered face  
And know it was her brother's work  
And, God, her hair of snakes you trace  
And know it was her mother's work.

Though sad is she she never weeps,  
Since beauty's in a tear,  
And when she laughs her visage creeps  
And daunts her dim career.

Oh, ever subject to the world's rebuke  
What fault, God, is not found in her?  
Where'er her hopes may chance to look  
A desert springs and serpents stir.

Loveless, her soul's a void cell,  
    Since God in her dreams intervened,  
And, hopeless, her heart is a hell  
    Uncheered by a flame or a fiend.

Yet, when each of her charms that dies out  
    Is multiplied to seven,  
Oh, God, if you pluck her eyes out  
    They'll grow, like Hell, in Heaven.

## SALMATIA.

When buxom Venus and the blushing Graces  
Bathed in the limpid waters of Salmacis  
Each hid with bashful flowers her own oasis.

The devil, coming through their smiles and blushes  
With shyness that he usually gushes,  
Shed out the fire that virgin's faces flushes.

The bevy waded where the depth entices  
But kept their flowers dry at every crisis  
Though the blue waves were jumping at their vices.

At last the Graces saw with many starings  
The piebald blond swim out beyond her bearings  
And hastened to her aid with sighs and swearings.

The devil coaxed them on with subtle tickles  
As rain that through a little lily trickles  
And soon they lost the chill of icicles.

Then Satan plucked the flowers from the niches,  
Saying "This oasis which a waste bewitches  
Is Eden's fruit but Satan's ground enriches."



## VENERIS.

Come and sit thee down, love,  
Where planet's smiles are bright  
The while their gauzy gown, love,  
The sky, dissolves in light  
For, if the planets are Time's tears,  
The sky is not the robe love wears.

The stars, fair offspring of the Night,  
Swarm o'er her, sparkling ever,  
While we, the mortal brood of light,  
In shade live, darkling ever;  
Hence, thus to us the day is night  
And to the stars our darkness light.

At last, my sweet love, laugh  
Since smiles of earth are brief.  
Life's sparkles we may quaff  
From goblets brimmed with grief,  
Though, as to stars our night is day,  
Our day to us is night away.

Life is foam and strife, love,  
    But its scorns we scoff  
And win the foam of life, love,  
    As we blow it off.  
Lo! Virtue is a recreant dawn  
And love is heaven from its aerie drawn.

## WOMAN.

Angels not woman's slaves dare be  
Nor stars with angels fraught,  
For woman, heaven's jewelry  
Dazzles with briefest brilliancy  
Angels and stars to naught.

No angel face, though bright as sky  
Which thunderbolts embrace,  
E'er shew the fairness that doth lie  
Light in or, taking wings, doth fly  
In smiles from woman's face.

Starred idols, whom all things abash,  
By moody man, a cloud, o'erpraised  
'Neath woman's blush as ashes dash  
And e'en her soul is in that flash  
By its own lightning dazed.

Heaven is lit with woman's eyes,  
    Its air is woman's breath,  
For when the life of mortal flies  
Woman, a burst of paradise,  
    Makes luxury of death.

## THE SEVEN HEAVENS.

An Eden lives and, smiling, lengthens much  
Within the silken temple of a touch.

In scent that solves or turns to honey air  
The soul doth revel and the world doth wear.

To hearing zenith serves and every sphere  
Attuned to joy but crumbles for the ear.

Elysium is immortalized by light  
But when immersed in the embrace of sight.

In milk of stars and honey of drawn souls  
The paradise taste keeps forever rolls.

Light thought, from lighter reverie distilled,  
An Olympia for Olympia doth build.

Love is so bright that when it falls from sight  
The world is merged in everlasting night.

## PSYCHE.

My love with shining eyes layed down  
    Beneath the shades of Mars,  
Her couch a bank of warclouds, grown  
    With wild, reluctant stars,  
Her robe a paradisial gown  
    Of woven winds of wars.

My soul beside her soul's true guise  
    Did swoon in ecstasy  
The while the spirit of her eyes  
    Wove radiance in me  
And then we rushed through Paradise  
    On wings of victory.

## BACCHANTE.

Thy form against his eager arm  
    Swells like a grape upon the lip  
Which, burst, enjoys a sweeter charm  
    Than that which bids it drip :  
Then press, warm in a lover's touch,  
    Thou beauteous grape,  
And he, though cloyed and ravished much,  
    Will thy pleasure shape.

Two hundred nights will melt away  
    In an hour of love  
For love, while you together lay,  
    Itself dreams of  
And, even as the heavens do,  
    Love itself enjoys and eats,  
As thou, his eager service through,  
    Gainst thine own sweets.

## NIGHT.

Undress. Sweet Night is warm,  
Dear widow of the day,  
Who wraps a rosy charm  
Round all who crave love's sway.

For love, on whom lusts prey,  
Is the earliest of the dead  
And Night's spouse passed away  
As soon as she was wed.

Undress for Night's embrace  
And blush lusts into play  
For love fills tired lust's place  
And Night's shame smiles to day.



## MONTANA.

The last bright beam of day's departed  
And art thou too, love, brokenhearted?  
Oh, shall we leave our joys decay  
And, like the eagles, droop with day,  
Or shall we see our loves outpair  
These feathered cannibals of air?

The moon arises with her web of fire,  
Wherein the sympathies of passions lie,  
And winds her spell about each sweet desire  
Whose grief needs tears of deity to dry.  
Though thou wouldst feed each minute with a tear  
Here half an hour will buy a Roman year.

The snowy tetons in the moonlight fade  
Till their dim outlines shadow on the sky  
Or flash like opal through the night's faint shade,  
An alcahest to which, like sparks, the demons fly.  
The tarns, like sapphires, shine from each ravine  
And round them pines, like stalactites, grow green.

Hail, blessed nymph, Montana's lovely night !

Earth can not boast a fairer sight than thee.

With moon for crown and shoon of silver light

Thou walkest the earth in faultless majesty.

The night, my love, whom we would woo awhile,

Is soft and moves like thee

And thou shalt feel its lust-chaste guile

Like fever strike thee

But with its fragrance thou mayst it control

As when, near perfumed coasts of nude Ceylon,

The ocean opens on the breasts of dawn

The spicy coast breathes warmly forth its soul

Which is, as Day in Night, into the ocean drawn :

So, we may break the silk skin of Delight

Ere light's white shaft runs up the back of Night.

## REGRETS.

When we were young, my love,  
    Sweet honey hung around us  
And songs that honest Passion sung  
    More sweetly clung around us,  
But we would not be stung, my love,  
By the true strains of Passion's tongue  
    Lest shame be slung around us.

Now we are old, my love,  
    Salt sorrows fold around us  
And all our heart's desires behold  
    Are what regrets hold round us  
And we are coldly told, my love,  
That Prudence stung us with his cold  
    When he patroled around us.

Time tells the truth, my love,  
    With his tooth around us  
And rightly prowls he, so uncouth,  
    Like a sleuth, around us  
For knew we lust, Love's ruth, my love,  
We had enjoyed this life, forsooth,  
    And died with youth around us.

## SOFIA.

Ah, bide with us since life, so slow,  
If thou leave us shall slower go.  
'Tis not that we love thee but feel in thy gloom  
The dark sea of Sorrow that flows to the tomb,  
Though when the stars bespangle thee  
The sky's pale denizens dazzled be  
And love fills up its stellar den, the sky,  
With far less light than leaps from thy soft eye.

The language which our joy doth hold  
Thy pathos-laden tongue has told  
Till all our love has vanished and our sighs have flown  
Into our banished hearts to turn their tears to stone  
But thou dost lie within Sin's den  
As dolorously sweet and false as when  
The soft crepuscular beauty of thy dying day  
Outspreads its rainbow plumage along the eastern way.

Thine was the life that gave us breath  
And thine the breath that gave us death  
But now we find, as thy soul shrinks and fades away,  
No spirit on the midnight paths to day,  
No nymph to watch with love the waning moon  
Which, sunk midst western shades, expires in haze so soon,  
And to thy smile (the ghost that dead love gave)  
We drink like Death, for Death drinks to the grave.

## IRMA.

Irma, thou gulf of love, whose lips have held

All the sweet music of love's dulcid tongue,  
Backward, by Memory's balmy breeze impelled,

Our sad souls glide where once our bodies swung  
On the blue wave between the air and land  
Where we mistook the rainbows for the sand.

The amber zephyrs sally from thy locks

And on our souls thy laughter lingers still  
Where, Irma, its soft music-voice but mocks

Like songs in hell or hymns that mean no ill  
Echoed against far skies where all is storm  
But the fair rainbow pushing forth its form.

Those were the days when love was young

Ere grief had decked his head with deathless woes,  
When all in ecstasy from high hope hung

Expectant each to find whence pleasure rose  
Ere on the bounds of heaven their fullblown yearnings fell  
And down, down they fluttered in a constant taste of hell.

## GERALDINE.

The love that sadly flutters through thy bewildered brain,  
As music from a distant peak breaks through a thunderstorm,  
More softly than the light winds comb the long grass of the plain  
Lures to thy memory dewes which life's melting diamonds form.

Thou hadst loved better, sweetest love, if thou hadst loved Love less  
And nurtured Vice that touches soul to melody and tears  
When jealousy, that leanness of the mind, could freely press  
Thy life to Hate's hell-blackened sin and web thy love with fears.

The things whereof thou speakst are blind but they forsook too soon  
The frail, fantastic multitude that haunts the days of old  
Which now, while griefs amuse themselves with musing on the moon,  
Are winds so weirdly wooing the waste and withered wold.

Purely thy cheeks live rose and thy teeth's ripe snow painted love  
Fair as the newborn dawn adorns far Baltic's bay  
But thou, a world of sunshine and of shame, shalt sadly move—  
Death's sanguine superscription signed upon thy brow for aye.



## GLADDYS.

Her charming dress amid the storm  
Presses in ecstasy her form  
And, while the winds swoop through her hair,  
Her smiles intoxicate the air.  
Her glance is killing as that sky  
Through which the naked planets fly  
And to her sylphs are heaven's dust  
And love's insatiated lust.

Her lip is Cupid's ruby bow  
From which her smile shoots shafts of woe,  
Her eye the quiver of those darts  
Made by her heart to murder hearts.  
She loved, unsated, Lucifer  
And sin grew impotent on her  
For Pain alone her thoughts condole  
And despotism suits her soul.

The trembling basis of a throe,  
Her breast, ecstatic, beats with woe,  
Although her heart shall ever be  
A pulseless priest of misery  
Unless a change of sex supply  
Her lust, as, when upon the sky  
Her sleighbelled voice` so gently glides,  
The zephyr mounts the strains and rides.

## ANOMALY.

As pureness is colorless so black is no color,

For Wind with a kiss steals thy locks deathless dye

When, solaced by thee for dead Day, in his dolor

He paints, soothed with stars, the deep night o'er the sky.

What darkness as pure as the black of thine eyes

Where laughter's lithe lightnings lie dreaming of slaughter?

To be pure love must char while he bathes as he lies

In the fire of the eyes of Havana's fair daughter.

## ZELLA.

As the clouds that repose on the mounts of the east  
By the winds of the dawn are assembled and fleeced  
And are tossed to the moon as she sinks in the west  
To soften the nightmaiden's couch of rest,  
So, but with glories more fair,  
Falls Zella's sweet hair,  
As love in the depths of its mesh makes his nest.

When breathes on earth the goddess of the dawn,  
Luna wooes the sky and Hersa treads the lawn  
And Zephyr, bounding brightly o'er the buoyant plain,  
Drips his genial burden gently on the grain  
The scented freshness seems  
The ghost of Zella's dreams  
Which rise like sighs from the haunts where love has lain.

We adored the gentle Zella with a charmed idolatry  
And, like a golden palace in an opal sea,  
Enriching sunset's glories with the melancholy glow  
Of joys that tintured passion and lightened bliss to woe,  
She has answered all our sighs  
With glances of eyes  
Flashing through the twilight lids of love that sin must know.

We searched into her soul with love's voluptuous fire  
For the whiteness and the warmness of her beauty and desire  
And, though upon each new-found charm, fainting with sin, we'd hang,  
When through her voice and lute some wild, loose ballad sprang  
We with fresh vigor rose  
And Love threw off its throes  
While certainly the flowers smelt sweeter as she sang.

Her voice beneath her lute's warm tune with too much sweets did pall,  
Just as the sea below Columbia's fleets seems small,  
And it was well for us for song is but the lisp of love  
And music is the tongue of lust to all sin warbles of  
Beneath the pale, blue skies  
Whereto we lift our eyes  
And hum the hymns of hell that haunt the heavens above.

## CAPITOLA.

She kept a young couple of roses

Which she fed with the dews of her eyes  
And, like love, that in marble reposes,

They bloomed in the cream of her thighs.

For the roses her hair was a bower

And the down of her honor their bed  
Where they laid in soft joys by the hour  
When drunk with the tears that she shed.

Her heart was the dear home of dolor

But Death wandered timidly there  
For her pallor was less than Death's color  
And its fairness seemed mixed with the air.

Though the roses when kissed by her maddened

Or fell on her breasts in dismay  
And to find her too fair love was saddened  
She could sigh not her sweet soul away.

When the wind with a pacific motion  
Swept fragrantly round her fair form  
Like the gulf stream, the girdle of ocean,  
A current of balm calmed the storm.

Folding up the dark pinions of sorrow,  
Night's shades from their tombs she has drawn  
But she'll wake with her roses tomorrow  
Sweet as sad music heard through sleep at dawn.



## DIANA.

That nun, the moon, demurely  
From her cloister looks  
And her color surely  
Incest mutely brooks.

She shows up her white body  
And, musing all the while,  
Her calmness makes too gaudy  
The wanness of her smile.

Her cusps being much more snowy  
Than beauty of fair dames,  
The dusk between's as showy  
As the shade of shames.

But, like a love-lorn lady  
On a lone, smooth sea,  
Her hopes turn always shady,  
Her fears are all set free.

Yet, she has such beauty,  
Her smiles the whole world win  
And virtue, love and duty  
Wreath the legs of sin.

## LUNA.

Lovely moon, **all** loathe thee  
For thy smiles **are** false;  
The wind, that might bethrothe thee,  
With the clouds doth clothe thee  
When stript for his assaults.

The wind will always know thee  
And frothe to find thee fair  
Although the lightnings show thee  
He hugs the waves **below** thee  
When thou art imaged **there**.

Let him his **sex** bestow thee  
And he grow soft **with** thine  
And his force **will** o'erflow thee  
If thou upon him throw thee  
And with him intertwine.

Upon the wind, moon, throw thee  
And with his person twine  
For, to have his force o'erflow thee,  
Let him his sex bestow thee  
And he grow soft with thine.

## DEATH.

Death, on the ocean straying,  
Once met my sweetheart fair,  
With her tresses playing  
And laying in her hair.

Love is not won by wooing ;  
So, Death, who is a smile,  
Love's phantasy pursuing,  
Threw off his mask awhile.

My love, a sparkle playing  
In a dream awhile,  
Rose with her tresses swaying  
And vanished in the smile.

Still, thus, our souls pursuing,  
Death, cannibal of air,  
Undoes our fair undoing  
And Heaven smiles—a snare.

## LULLABY.

A pale pond-lily  
In a glossy dale,  
A frail, fond lily  
In a mossy vale—

This from the water praying for light,  
That of the darkness pleading for dew;  
This, when the morning melts the frosted night,  
Sinks 'neath the herd and, when the stars drip through,  
That, plucked for beauty, follows in the flight.

The pale pond-lily  
Dreads a bruise no more;  
The frail, fond lily  
Thirsts for dews no more.

**EROS.**

Virtue first issues fair  
From the lily of his hair.

His pearly brow doth show  
Honor bathing in the snow.

The well where truth doth lie  
Is the pupil of his eye.

In his face doth wisdom feel  
The repose which cherubs steal:

For Eden hath no part  
Like the pureness of his heart.

## UTOPIA.

Beneath the starry banner, Night,  
Still Freedom's phantoms rally  
And every orb that ushers light,  
Upraising dirges mystically,  
Sends brightest harbingers of cheer,  
Joined with the sweet divorcees of the tear,  
From each etherial valley.  
Forever fair in Freedom's sight  
Through sacred Eden sally  
Armed hosts garbed in immortal right  
And fire, sweet Freedom's ally,  
Which, wooing Hope from her false sphere,  
Through the soft tyranny of the tear  
Shines out empyreally.



Out on that Ocean's planet height  
Where Freedom's Zephyrs dally  
Faith's phalanx, sprung from floods of light,  
Pours forth continually  
On wings of love and choruses sincere,  
Vast volleys flashing from the pregnant tear  
Against Night's savage galley.

## HATE.

Whither moves the withered moon  
Through the throng of clouds?  
Whither? Would you have her swoon  
In such murky crowds?  
Why descends yon thunderbolt  
Through the skull of storm?  
Would you have a vile revolt  
Scowl the heavens down?  
Never shall a tempest's frown  
Scare sky to better form.

## PSYCOSOPHY.

To rise above all sentiment, to soar  
Beyond the clouds and, liberated there,  
To clear the mind of life's obscurities—  
That is to live; to leave all earthly things,  
The thirst of glory and the greed of wealth,  
Love, hope, ambition, pride, despair and hate,  
To spurn the petty selfishness which makes  
Existence storm, contentment mockery  
And, rising to the distant psychic zone,  
There to ignore all matter as the dross  
From which the spirit is apart—that is  
True happiness.

Surrender every sense,  
Oh, self! to consciousness which leads to heights  
Where senses are refined so any trace  
Of earth is odious. Set free the mind  
From sensual shocks of every link of flesh  
However faint their subtle tyranny.  
The stroke of silk benumbs the sense of touch,

Soft music muffles hearing, sparkling wine  
Dulls taste, the rose's odor drugs the scent  
And woman's fairness blurs the sight.

Rise, self!

From vanity. From futile yearnings free  
The mind will grieve no more, no more will writhe  
The senses, tortured by chaotic waves  
Of glare and noise within the dismal night  
Where shock of matter makes the flash of mind  
Where harmony obstructed mourns in sound,  
Where riven orders only intercourse  
Is that fantastic bridge, exchange of thought.

Afar beyond is liberty and there,  
Where vigor tires not, energy is rest.  
No exhalation crowds the limpid scope  
Of scent, no substance palpable impedes  
Tentative flight, no pabulum offends,  
No sound is wafted and no discord heard,  
No shape is outlined and no shadow formed.

Rise, self! above the gnawing joys of earth.

Sensations die and leave the spirit dead.  
Leave folly of the world! Love is conceit,  
Art is a fancy, science is a dream.  
Fame weakens intellect and makes a slave  
Of him who woos it; power breaks the will  
Of him it crowns; love sullies chastity.

What trifles worldlings follow! Poised aloft,  
The statesman revels in the steadfast gaze  
Of those below him since his joy supreme  
Is to be seen; the poet higher soars  
Ecstatic when, invisible to them,  
He sees all those below him. Rise, oh, self!  
Beyond the folly of such worldlings. Rise  
So high the world can not be seen or see—  
Where spirit stationary or at flight,  
Traversing effortless the psychic space,  
Enchanting touch in the intangible  
And in vapidly exalting scent,  
Finds insipidity satiety,  
Unbroken silence perfect harmony,

Pure beauty the uninterrupted light  
And chastity voluptuosity  
Interminable. Isolated thus  
By loftiness of thought, the mind shall reach  
Eternal happiness and death defy.



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